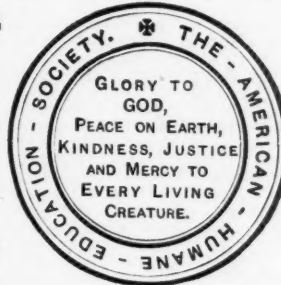


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 29.

Boston, December, 1896.

No. 7.



AND THERE WERE IN THE SAME
COUNTRY.

8. "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14. *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*" — LUKE, Chap. II.

BORN, CRUCIFIED, RISEN.

The shadows of evening were silently creeping
Through Bethlehem's streets, as there stopped at the
door
Of its hostel two travellers, anxiously seeking
For shelter and food till the long night be o'er.

But the gate-keeper answered, "The house is o'erflow-
ing;

The chambers, the court-yard, and even the roof;
Not an inch of the place can we spare for you, Joseph;
Just glance at the people who wait here, for proof."

"But I and my wife have been riding since daybreak,
And Mary with weariness now is o'ercome;
If no shelter to-night I can find for my dear one,
To-morrow may find her in death cold and dumb."

The gate-keeper pondered; then slowly he answered,
"Tis cruel to leave her to die of the cold;
But we've never a nook nor a corner to give you;
But wait! in the barn you may sleep with the fold."

So there on the straw with the kine sleeping round
them,

Adown on the floor lay the travellers worn;
And there, just as midnight was throned in the heavens,
To Joseph and Mary an infant was born.

And, lo! in the heavens a wonderful glory,
Whose lightness exceeded the sun's brightest rays!
The mountains, the valleys, the hilltops were
flooded;
And list! what a chorus of jubilant praise!

From the ground where they lay, o'er their flocks
vigil keeping,
The shepherds, affrighted, the splendor behold;
The portals of heaven are suddenly opened,
And forth come the angels with harps of pure gold.

Adown on their knees fall the shepherds in terror;
But sweet from the midst of the throng comes a
voice;—

"Fear not; for glad tidings we bring to all nations,
The Christ-king is born! Fear ye not, but rejoice!

By this ye shall know him; in swaddling clothes
lying.

He sleeps in a manger, the place of his birth;
From sinning and death he for aye shall redeem
you,—
His kingdom shall reach to the ends of the earth."

Then thousands of seraphs caught up the glad
anthem,

"On earth peace forever and good-will to men!"
Loud swells the glad chorus; then suddenly ceases;
The heavens are silent and dark once again.

Now hundreds of mystified people are thronging
To gaze on the Christ Child, from near and from
far;

The shepherds adore him; and here are the Wise
Men,
Directed and guided by Bethlehem's star.

The sweet Mary-mother in wonder beholdeth
The throng that fall down to the Babe on her knee;
The men of the East at his feet lay their treasures,—
The promised Messiah, the king yet to be!

Years pass. Through the streets of Jerusalem
tolling,

Urged on by the soldiers with weapon and jeer,
Spit upon, bruised and bleeding and stripped of his
garment,

Comes Bethlehem's king, at the point of the spear!

He comes to be crucified. He and two others,
Himself in the midst as the worst of the three;
Through his feet and his hands are the cruel nails
driven;

Thorn crowned; pierced with spears; *King of
Heaven is he!*

Ah, Mary! thy piteous heart is near breaking
As thou seest on the cross the dear son that thou
bore;

But his shame and his tortures will soon all be
ended;

He speaks—"It is finished!" The agony's o'er.

The heavens grow black with a terrible darkness;
The vault of the temple is rent in twain;
The thunder bolt falls; fierce the wild lightning
flashes,
And shuddering nature seems groaning in pain.

Christ is dead; and his tolling and suffering over;
His body is tenderly laid in the tomb;
The few who are faithful are left without guidance,
Their hearts filled with sadness and covered with
gloom.

But he said, "Though I go, I will come again to you;
In God ye believe; believe also in me.
I go that for you I a place may make ready—
That where I am dwelling, you also may be."

"*Christ is risen!*" their doubt and their sorrow have
vanished;

They have seen in his fingers the print of the nail;
They have looked at the wound in his side; he has
told them

His blood over sin and the grave shall avail.

Years after, once more heaven's portals are opened
And one of his faithful is taken above
To see on the throne of the Father in glory
The Lord of his life, and the Christ of his love.

Ten thousands and millions of angels adore him,
Uncensingly singing the praise of his name;
"Salvation and honor and glory and wisdom
And riches and power to the Lamb," they pro-
claim.

And John, as he looks on their robes white and
shining,

The harps of pure gold, and the palms in their
hands,

And the star-gleaming crowns, is with awe filled
and wonder,

For countless they are as "the numberless sands."

"These are they that have come up through great
tribulation,
Whose robes in the Blood of the Lamb are washed
white;

Here are tears never more; never sorrow nor sigh-
ing;

With Jesus the Christ all is glory and light."

O sometime, my friends, and it may be to-morrow,
The gateways of heaven will open for you;
You shall stand at the throne of your mighty Creator,
And for every act give account just and true.

It may be this evening Christ Jesus stands waiting,
And patiently knocks at the door of your heart.
O, open and give to him welcome and shelter,
Beware how thou biddest thy Lord to depart!

Do not crucify Christ; can you feel on this Christmas
The Blessed Redeemer is born in your soul?

Then safe may you rest though the heavens be
rended,

And over your life should eternity roll.

"Behold, I come quickly; and he that is righteous
Before me shall stand and be more righteous still;
And he that is filthy shall be yet more filthy."

To-night thou may'st choose which thy record
shall fill.

And all those who dwell in the heavenly city
Must enter with robes pure and white as the snow;
Without it are liars and all who do evil;
Within, life and glory; without, death and woe.

Are you ready to sing with the host of redeemed
ones?

To trust in his promise, and happiness find?

To-night you may join in the glad Christmas anthem
For Christ the Redeemer is born to mankind!

IDA G. RUST, in *Essex County Mercury*.

CHRISTMAS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

[From *Harper's Weekly*.]

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and fierce,
cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather in
God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christ-
mas day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half mile be-
low the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up
your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely
there is enough daupness around without adding to
it your tears.

"Let's laugh, boys."

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hello yourself, Yank!"

"Merry Christmas, Johnny!"

"Same to you, Yank!"

"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"

"Parched corn and tobacco—the size of our Christ-
mas, Yank."

"All right; you shall have some of our coffee and
sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats."

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the
small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee,
desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for
trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away
under the banks of the river for successive relays of
pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief an-
swered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar,
pork, and set the sail, and watched them slowly
creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies? To
see them crowd the bank, and push and scramble to
be first to seize the boats, going into the water, and
stretching out their long arms! Then when they
pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over
the cargo, and to hear their exclamations: "Hurrah
for hog!" "Say, that's not roasted rye, but genuine
coffee. Smell it, you uns." "And sugar, too."

Then they divided the consignment. They laughed
and shouted, "Reckon you uns been good to we uns
this Christmas Day, Yanks." Then they put parched
corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and
sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched
corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons,
which, if they weren't very filling, at least contract-
ed our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner.

And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christ-
mas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you, Yank."
And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we

forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom
it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

*We had bridged the river—spanned the bloody chasm.
We were brothers, not foes, waving salutations of good
will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas
Day, in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the
Christ Child struck a truce for us—broke down the wall
of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We
shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas,
and our hearts were lighter for it and our shivering
bodies were not quite so cold.*

CHRISTMAS—THE NATIVITY.

"Behold, in the first place, that on the first
night of Christ's life God honored the brute crea-
tion. You cannot get into the Bethlehem barn
without going past the camels, the mules, the
dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard
the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old
painters represent the oxen and camels kneel-
ing that night before the new-born babe. And
well might they kneel! Have you ever thought
that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate
the sufferings of the brute creation?"

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's
nest, not a worn-out horse on the tow-path, not a
freight car in the summer time bringing the bees
to market without water through a thousand miles
of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the
struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog in
the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in
the fact that Christ was born in a stable sur-
rounded by brutes. He remembers that night,
and the prayer He heard in their pitiful moan He
will answer in the punishment of those who mal-
treat them."

"When you abuse any creature of God you
strike its Creator, and you insult the Christ."

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that
Bethlehem night, with an infant Christ on the
one side and the speechless creatures of God
on the other, I cry, look out how you strike the
rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed
bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle
from that raw back. Shoot not for fun the bird
too small for food. Forget not to put water into
the cage of that canary. Throw out crumbs to
those birds caught too far north in the winter's in-
clemency. Arrest the man who is making that
one horse draw a load heavy enough for three.
Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing
a cat.

In your families and in your schools, teach the
coming generation more mercy.

T. DEWITT TALMADGE.

HOW AN IRISH PRIEST EXPLAINED A MIRACLE.

A man asked an Irish priest what a miracle was.
He gave him a full explanation which did not
satisfy the man, who said: "Now, won't your river-
ence give me an example of a miracle?"

"Well," said the priest, "Step before me and I'll
see what I can do."

As the man did so he gave him a tremendous kick
behind.

"Did you feel that?" he asked.

"Begorra, I did feel it, sure enough."

"Well," said the priest, "it would be a miracle
if you didn't."—*Boston Pilot*.

A Western exchange says that a practical revival-
ist requested all in the congregation who paid their
debts to rise. The rising was general. After they
had taken their seats, a call was made for those who
didn't pay their debts, and one solitary individual
arose, who explained that he was an editor, and
could not because the rest of the congregation were owing
him their subscriptions.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty-six thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word, *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



NOT ONLY A CHRISTMAS BUT AN EVERY DAY PRESENT.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Hark, throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far Gallilee.

Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing
Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Twenty-five years ago the now Princess of Wales and future queen of England was living on the third floor of a corner house in Copenhagen, and her father, whom no one ever dreamed then of being a king, was poorer than many a burgher in the same street. She and her two sisters, now the Czarina of Russia and Duchess of Cumberland, occupied the same room, scantily furnished, and instead of a wardrobe a curtain drawn across the wall hid the pegs on which their few dresses hung. They had never worn a silk dress in their lives. Now Alexandra doubtless has all the dresses she wants, but it is more than likely that she looks back with pleasure upon those years as the happiest of her life.

"I do think our boys are the worst I ever saw. I'm sure they don't get it from me."

Wife (reflectively)—"No, William, you seem to have all yours left."—*Washington Star.*

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head, and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady that he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, December, 1896.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 357, South Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

Note—In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and thirty-eight new branches of our *Purent Band of Mercy*, making a total of twenty-six thousand and eight.

A BRAVE MOTHER.

As showing the force of maternal love among the lower animals, there are few more pathetic incidents than the following, which comes from Australia:

The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside of his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water-pails, and taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While her babe was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony, on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story that the eye witness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.

PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

At the November Directors' meeting of the *American Humane Education Society* and the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, President Angell reported that the Society's Agents had during the month dealt with 433 complaints of cruelty, taken 76 horses from work, and mercifully killed 147 horses and other animals.

\$14,162.53 had been received from the estate of Anna E. Brown, deceased, of Quincy, Illinois, to be added to the permanent fund of the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*.

About 150 "Bands of Mercy," with a membership of about 6,000 children had been recently organized in the public schools of Omaha, Nebraska, and several clergymen of the city had undertaken to address these schools on the subject of kindness to animals.

The *American Humane Education Society's* "Bands of Mercy" formed during the month were 334, making a total of 26,104.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

Just before going to press we receive from Miss S. J. Eddy, of Providence, Rhode Island, one of the most beautiful pictures of a child and a dog that we have ever seen in our whole life.

It will be framed in a day or two and hung in our offices where all our friends can see it.

JAMES ORR.

James Orr, number 20 of the District Messenger Service, did a good thing yesterday. A horse was eating his dinner on the street, the strap which fastened the pail to his head broke, and the oats fell to the ground. Little Jimmy Orr saw it and immediately went to work gathering all the oats possible, putting them back into the pail and lashing it securely to the horse's head.

We put Jimmy Orr on the free list of *Our Dumb Animals* for one year.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

We are pleased to learn that about 150 new "Bands of Mercy" have recently been formed in the schools of Omaha, with a membership of about 6,000 children, and ten minute talks on kindness to animals have been made by various clergymen in these schools to these Bands.

NEW HUMANE BOOKS.

The growth of humane literature is becoming immense. Within the past fortnight we have received fourteen new books, and we do not know when we can find time to read them all.

CARDINAL GIBBONS—A WISE ANSWER.

We see in our morning paper of Oct. 30th that Cardinal Gibbons being consulted as to a great financial question now before the country, replied that he could not undertake to decide in regard to a question upon which those who had made a life study of matters of finance failed to agree.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS.

We should be glad to arrange with every periodical in this country to supply *Our Dumb Animals* for the coming year at 25 cents, to be used by them either as premiums or in their clubbing lists.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BROCKTON HUMANE SOCIETY.

We are pleased to see that the Secretary of the Brockton Humane Society, Mr. George H. Gould, is to keep on hand a supply of our principal publications to be sold at cost.

"COACHMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION."

It gives us great pleasure on this November 17th to receive from the "Coachmen's Benevolent Association," of Boston, which includes several hundreds of our best drivers, a present of \$10 to our *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, and the assurance of the kind wishes of this very important charitable organization.

We are glad to know from time to time that we have many warm friends in the "Coachmen's Benevolent Association."

BETTER THAN WHIPPING.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

There is a large vacant lot in the rear of my house. One morning last week a young man loaded his cart with loam, but when he tried to start the horse refused to go. The young man put his arm around the horse's neck and patted him, and he started. How much better this was than whipping.

Sincerely yours,

M. E. BROWN.

JE SUIS AMERICAIN.

We are informed that this little poem, which appeared in last *Our Dumb Animals*, credited to Charley Coon, was written by George L. Catlin of Patterson, New Jersey.

REV. SAMUEL MAY.

Our good friend and Vice-President, Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, writes us of the splendid humane work of the late Miss Julia Goddard of Birmingham, England, of whom he says: "She was worthy of any honor that a humane society can render."

OUR ABATTOIR.

Complaint was recently made to us of cruelty in the preparation of cattle for the Jewish butchers at the Abattoir. We wrote President S. S. Learned of the Abattoir Company, who promptly replied that the cruelty should be stopped. We also wrote Rabbi Raphael Lasker, who also promptly replied that he would aid in stopping it, and we have the pleasure of assuring our readers that it has been stopped.

LECTURES FOR CHILDREN.

We have received from the "Humanitarian League," 79A Great Queen St., Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, England, twelve pamphlet lectures for children, written by Florence H. Suckling, on the various animals from the elephant to the mouse and insect.

In these lectures we find various things taken from our own publications, and may publish occasionally from them in *Our Dumb Animals*. Any person wishing to get them can address the "Humanitarian League."

Teacher (severely)—Now, sir, for the last time, what's the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?

Boy (desperately)—A lickin' for me, sir.

The question is asked us, "What is the circulation of *Our Dumb Animals*?"

Answer—Regularly between 50,000 and 60,000, and sometimes it has been from 100,000 to 200,000.

Our Dumb Animals GOES EACH MONTH

In the State to

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

Outside the State.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our *Bands of Mercy* in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these about twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Our last edition of "*The Strike at Shane's*" was 50,000. Our last edition of "*Hollyhurst*," 20,000.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

"LIGHT TO BENEFIT MANKIND."

For this valuable paper written by a New York Vice-president of our *American Humane Education Society*—gratuitously circulated by *American Humane Education Society*—write

GEO. T. ANGELL, President,
19 Milk Street, Boston.

DON'T FORGET.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

ONE THING.

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



RUNNING TO MEET FATHER ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

IS IT CRUEL?

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2.) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3.) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard* or *Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4.) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5.) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

INGENIOUS DEVICE.

A very ingenious device has been adopted by some druggists to prevent the frequent mistakes which occur at night in administering a dangerous medicine for a simple one. This is entirely obviated by putting up prescriptions containing powerful remedies of poisonous drugs in rough bottles as prickly as the coat of a gherkin. Any one rising in the dark is at once warned of his danger. Many lives have already been saved by this simple contrivance.—*Globe Democrat*.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle of Ohio writes us of great success she is having with these prize contests of humane speaking and recitations—large audiences and great enthusiasm—and we received this morning a copy of a beautiful silver prize medal which is one of the prizes given.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools or Sunday schools are invited to send their best speaker to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and perhaps leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy."

We have a book of 192 pages, describing the plan and containing beautiful selections to be used by the speakers and reciters [we send the book for ten cents and postage five more] or they may be selected elsewhere.

Every school taking part in the prize contest wants to attend, so do parents and friends; good music is added, and a full audience is insured—the whole evening being devoted to the presentation of humane selections in competition for the prize or prizes offered.

We should not wonder if this plan started in Ohio should extend all over our country and in thousands of cities and towns, result in great profit to our humane work.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

A NEW BOOK.

[From the Nov. New York Journal of Hygiene.]

The Angell Prize Contest Recitations, compiled by Emma R. Tuttle, contains a large number of pieces to learn and recite by schools and societies to promote kindness to our fellows and to the animal world. Mrs. Tuttle has brought together a very excellent list of poems, stories and prose extracts from many authors, which anyone, young or old, may be benefitted by reading, for they are all suited to awakening the moral sense so necessary in our quite too immoral age.

THE CONN. DEACON AND THE CLAMS.

A good old deacon in Connecticut was very pious and fond of clams. When once upon a time he attended a Rhode Island clam-bake he overtaxed his capacity and was sorely distressed. But his faith in prayer was unabated. Leaving the party, and going down on his knees behind a tree, he was heard to supplicate: "Forgive me, O Lord, this great sin of gluttony. Restore my health, and I will never eat any more clams." Then, after a pause—"very few—if any. Amen."

RESIGNED FROM JOHNS HOPKINS.

A friend writes us that Dr. Rendal Harris, a Professor in Johns Hopkins University, has resigned his Professorship on account of the vivisection practised in that institution.

\$50,000.

We see in *Harper's Weekly* that the late Dr. Fraser, of England, who had given by his will \$50,000 for the benefit of medical students at the Edinburgh University, "having learned that the horrible and atrocious practice of vivisection prevails there of performing unspeakably cruel operations and experiments on living animals," has now changed his will and given the above sum to the "Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

A FRIEND SENDS US \$100.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—It gives me much pleasure again at the close of another year to forward to you my annual subscription to *The American Humane Education Society*. Kindly use the same for the anti-vivisection cause, whose increasing popularity and success I have watched with deepening hope and interest.

The assertion so frequently resorted to by those who uphold vivisection in college laboratory and elsewhere—namely: that the anti-vivisection agitation is merely a "highly emotional and hysterical movement," undoubtedly is used as a "mental decoy" to attract attention away from the main issue.

This charge, made by men otherwise intelligent, shows, it seems to me, the extreme paucity of the defendants' plea, and falls not upon a few individuals, but upon the solid phalanx of agitators made up of eminent leaders of thought, both here and abroad.

Do these writers not know that in England the most brilliant minds in literature have identified themselves with our cause? Ruskin, Shaftesbury, Edwin Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, etc., not to mention the illustrious names of many Bishops and dignitaries of the church, who also having learned the truth concerning this practice, have denounced its atrocities with keen and cutting words.

Is it not a familiar fact that among the very highest medical authorities are those who characterize vivisection as inhuman—brutalizing—needless—misleading?

In a recent article in the *New York Medical Journal* are given the names of over a dozen physicians who, once in favor of anti-toxine in the treatment of diphtheria, now with more mature experience denounce its use.

The *London Zoophilist* states that forty-two well known medical men have sent in their names, as having openly repudiated vivisection, and mentions also that fifty others signed the petition to the Home Secretary "praying that no license should be granted to the so-called British Institute of Preventive Medicine." And if some of us waver in our opinion we will do well to remember that Lawson Tait said: "I, for one, deeply regret I had ever anything to do with vivisection." And we will also remember that six hundred of his professional brethren in Great Britain announced their satisfaction at the stand he has taken in showing the uselessness of vivisection. Lord Coleridge and his illustrious father (whose calm, clear judgment England hardly considers unbalanced or hysterical) stand as staunch supporters of our cause.

In his recent address in London, he urged his audience to keep their minds pure and clean and upright upon this subject of cruelty, and not to recognize it as justifiable under any plea, and boldly and clearly advised them never to subscribe a penny to hospitals which have on their medical staffs "men fresh from the scientific laboratories and their scenes of suffering and torture."

Those in England's highest social circles deem the subject not unworthy of their support—witness the fact that the Earl of Strathford has at his own request been elected a vice-president of the Society for the Total Suppression of Vivisection.

I have been informed that a young lady, entering a drawing-room, suddenly burst into tears, and as explanation for being so suddenly overcome, stated that she had just seen at the University, among other pitiless experiments, a dog's eyes cut out; she said no anesthetics were used—that the pretense of anesthetics had no truth in it, which confirms what Dr. Hoggan has affirmed—namely: that the pretense of anesthetics had proved the poor animals' most cruel foe.

Recently a lady warned me against a certain oculist, one of the most eminent in the city. Her friend had just consulted him in his office, and had seen him do to a rabbit what the university student had seen done to the dog above mentioned—after which this distinguished oculist "threw the suffering creature on the floor as if it were a rag."

The author of a well known text-book instructs his learners as regards a certain experiment whose acutely painful nature he fully explains, and directs them not to use anesthetics, in order that they may be guided by the animals' cries of agony.

It is hardly to be wondered at that (in a paper read at a church congress in England) vivisection was called "our meanest crime," and not less strange that Morgan Dix said the statistics made him "sick at heart" and that the arguments put forth in defence of vivisection only strengthened his "conviction that man is capable of becoming the most merciless of all agents."

I trust the hundred dollars I send may aid you in helping those whose just treatment you desire to secure.

Yours respectfully.

November 19, 1896.

FROM ONE OF BOSTON'S EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

We were very glad to receive on November 6th from one of Boston's eminent physicians the following:

"I send you herewith \$10 for annual membership, etc. I was thinking this evening that I know of no other man whom I esteem more highly for his work's sake than Mr. Angell. May your life be spared many years yet for this noble service."

[We hope there are hundreds of Massachusetts physicians who feel the same way.—EDITOR.]

VIVISECTION—\$100.

In our record last month of what our two Societies have done against vivisection, we forgot to mention the prize of \$100 which we offered some years ago in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," for the best practical plan of decreasing vivisection in the United States.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

Layman—I understand you have devoted your life to the study of disease germs.

Great Scientist (proudly)—I have.

Layman—Have you found a remedy for any of them?

Great Scientist—Well, no; but I have found good long names for them.

A COAL DEALER'S HEART.

A coal dealer in the suburbs was called upon at his office by a poor, hard-working woman and requested to send a basket of coal to her home. "We do not deliver so small a quantity," was the merchant's reply. "It is our invariable rule never to deliver less than a quarter of a ton." "But I cannot pay for so much," was the pitiful confession, "and I have left my little children at home in a fireless room. What am I to do?" "Well," returned the dealer, a kindlier light beaming in his eye, "I cannot depart from my rules as to the quantity." Then turning to his clerk he continued: "John, have a quarter of a ton of coal sent to the woman's address as soon as possible." "But I cannot pay for so much," she expostulated. "I already understand that you can't, so I will charge it to the children. Give yourself no more uneasiness about the debt. Good morning."—*Boston Budget*.

TO OUR UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE PRESIDENTS.

A kind friend sends for our humane work a most liberal donation, and anxiously asks what she considers a vital question to many a mother's anxious heart, namely: "What is being done along lines of experimental work in our colleges and universities to inhumanely educate our children? and where can they be more safely and humanely educated?"

It is a vital question, where can our sons and daughters escape the curse of vivisection, and go out from our institutions of learning more humane than when they entered? We most respectfully but earnestly ask our College and University Presidents [all of whom receive this paper each month] to carefully consider this question.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR COLLEGES.

WHERE SHALL OUR BOYS BE EDUCATED?

We have just been reading (under the above title) a paper by Sara Thorp Thomas, published in a Texas paper, and now being sent widely over our country in tract form, in which is described outrages perpetrated at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Schenectady, Michigan University, etc., etc., with a severe attack on the new (so called) scientific and vivisection education.

In our November issue we said that almost everything seems to be insurable now-a-days except getting into the Kingdom of Heaven. But after reading this paper we are led to conclude that another company is needed to insure that the youth exposed to the barbarous and irreligious influences of some of our American colleges, shall become humane, law-abiding, good citizens, and not educated devils.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ON ELECTION DAY.

One of Boston's prominent Republicans reading in our office on election day in a Republican paper, a description of the disgraceful conduct of Harvard University students in their McKinley parade of the night previous, expressed his regret that Harvard University was not located on some far off island where its rowdy students could not disgrace the candidate whom they were professing to help.

That better influences are greatly needed in some of our leading colleges and universities, every good citizen knows.

HARVARD STUDENTS AND THE BOSTON POLICE.

The complaint made by Harvard students of the action of the Boston Police on the night before election, reminds us of the old couplet:

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

And this again reminds us of the Scotch Professor, who wrote on his door that Prof. — would at certain hours meet his classes. Some student erased the c making it *lasser*; shortly after, the Professor erased the *l* making the notice read *asses*.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

We notice that some physicians think there is no need of greater precautions against premature burial, but we have many opinions from those who disagree with them.

We have on our table at this moment a letter from a Vermont clergyman, who gives two cases within his personal knowledge in which persons buried were found to have turned in their coffins after burial, and another in which a young lady after being prepared for burial was found to be alive and conscious of what was going on about her. GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTORS.

If, as some of our [so called] scientists are trying to show, we descended from monkeys, then comes the question: How did our illustrious ancestors contrive to get rid of their tails?

A WASHINGTON MONKEY AND THE MIRROR.

If anyone of a biological turn of mind wants to have a large chunk of pure white fun, he ought to go over and watch the monkeys in the Zoo. The monkey's powers of reasoning are limited, but he uses what brains nature gave him for all there is in them. A gentleman recently passed in an ordinary five-cent mirror with a tin-foil back. It fell to the lot of a long-tailed monkey, who looked at it. *It was the first time he had ever seen himself,* and the imagined rival was so handsome that a pang of involuntary jealousy shot through his quadrumanous bosom. He went on a hunt. Holding the glass very still, he would suddenly jerk it down and look for the rival. *No rival.*

Then he held the glass still and ducked his head quickly. *The rival ducked as quickly as he did.* Then he grew cunning. He would peep slyly. The glass was allowed to glide imperceptibly to one side. It was of no avail. Then the monkey reached one of his hairy paws stealthily up to the glass and made a sudden snatch behind it. *No game.* That monkey brain was doing great work. It was a Napoleonic monkey that was conspiring against the apparition. It was evident that the monkey in the glass was an active dodger, that he couldn't be caught by activity. He must be trapped by strategy. Placing the glass on the floor of the cage, the monkey pressed it firmly to be sure nothing could be beneath it. Then he looked; *there was the other chap as large as life and as impudent as ever.* He pointed a finger; so did the other. Number one grinned, chattered and frowned; *likewise did number two.*

It was no use. It was as if a human being were confronted with indisputable evidence of the existence of a fourth dimension in space, and were trying to mentally grasp a conception of its exact significance. But the ecru philosopher never said surrender. After his gray matter had rested a bit he picked up the glass and looked again. *There was that same old monkey, looking very thoughtful and morose.* He held him a prisoner against his stomach and carefully picked the tinfoil off the back of the glass. This did not reveal the prisoner. But he was equal to the emergency. That monkey, he argued, was evidently between the back and the front of the glass. He might be flatter than a pancake, but there he was. A long black finger worked around to the rear of the enemy. A vicious scratch with a grimy fingernail. That fetched him. *The monkey showed up with a gash straight across the nose. Another! The pit of his stomach was gone. All four fingers at once. The battle looked like Kilrain after the thirty-second round. He had him. In less than a minute that monkey was annihilated.*

Then our monkey, with what was left of the mirror in the straw, went off in triumph to hang from his perch by the tip of his blue tail.—*Washington Post.*

BACCHANTE.

If any of our readers want to know what this nude "Bacchante" represents, consult your encyclopædias, and read how in old *Heathen Rome*, 180 years before Christ, Bacchante exhibitions were prohibited by law, and then compare it with that magnificent statue of "Faith" in old Plymouth, not far from Plymouth Rock, and say which is more appropriate for Boston's Public Library.



OUR ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTORS.

BACCHANTE.

The editor of one of Boston's dailies writes, asking for publication our views in regard to the statue "Bacchante," proposed to be put in our Boston public library.

We answer, 1st: That we have never seen it. And 2nd: That we are too busy to find time to see it.

But if the ornamentation of our public library were left to us, we would put in it, and on it, the statues and names and representations of modern saints and philanthropists and heroes and heroines who have benefitted mankind, and throw all this old mythological rubbish of heathen gods and goddesses, and all the books that tell about them, into Boston harbor, where, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of physic, "they would be better for men and worse for fishes."

We have nude figures enough nowadays in our bar-rooms and theatres without putting them in our public libraries.

The pictures and statues of Abraham Lincoln, and that little speech of his at Gettysburg, are the kind of ornamentation wanted wherever it is sought to educate American youth to become good citizens and respectable men and women.

Give us the "Red Cross" on the battlefield—the American ship carrying food to the starving—the "Sisters of Mercy" (Catholic and Protestant) ministering to the sick and speaking consolation to the dying.

We want no Belshazzar feasts or palaces in the public libraries of free America, but the teachings of peace—and temperance and mercy—both to the human and dumb races—and God and immortality.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FAMOUS GIVERS AND THEIR GIFTS.

We are happy to receive from our good friend, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton of Cleveland, Ohio, [the well-known author of numerous publications of wide circulation] a copy of a beautifully printed and bound volume of 382 pages bearing the above title, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company of 46 East 14th St., New York and also Boston, and containing many photographs.

It is a most interesting and useful book.

We wish it might have a place in every library and be read by every rich man and woman in America.

The first name mentioned is John Lowell, the founder of our Boston Lowell Lectures.

The lives of Stephen Girard of Philadelphia and Leland Stanford of California read like a romance.

We wish we had the power to send them in cheap form into every American school. Girard was a Catholic, Stanford a Protestant.

Looking over the long list of other names we are astonished to read of the enormous wealth of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Armour, the Vanderbilts, and many others who have given to a greater or less extent to various charities.

We wish some of those still living would investigate the work of our American Humane Education Society, with its over twenty-six thousand "Bands of Mercy," [first of its kind in the world] and see what it is doing for the prevention of every form of cruelty and crime—the protection of property and life—the preservation of all the noble institutions of our native land and the promotion of peace on earth and good-will to every living creature.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FIREFLY.

[From the Buffalo Horse World.]

In a recent number of *The Horse World*, an article appeared on the subject of insanity in horses, the writer holding the opinion that horses do go insane. Perhaps they do, and perhaps they are driven insane by the abuse of ignorant or cruel attendants, as is shown by the following instance related in *Our Animal Friends*:

Last summer I was staying for some weeks on the shores of the beautiful Lake George.

One lovely afternoon, I was driving with my friend, Mrs. K——, and admiring her fine horses, who held up their spirited heads without the assistance of those detestable check-reins, and waved their long flowing tails, safe from the brutal knife, with which so many flint-hearted owners of fine horses hack off the tails of their helpless dumb property, and call the ugly, mutilated stumps "stylish."

As we were driving along, Mrs. K—— asked John, the coachman, to stop for five minutes at the house of her carpenter, and got out of the carriage to give some orders, leaving me to do what I always seize every opportunity of doing, that is, to talk with the coachman about horses.

He was a bright, young fellow.

"Your horses do you credit, John," I began. "Their coats shine like satin."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," said he, touching his hat. "I have had them going on five years, and I have never once laid a whip over their backs."

"Do you know much about horses?"

"Well, I have studied them a good deal, ma'am, and early in the summer I saved the life of a very valuable horse."

"Oh, do tell me," I cried, leaning forward.

He laughed and blushed, and said, "I'll do my best, ma'am. I must begin by telling you that all the country round about here knew of Mr. L——'s insane horse. They whipped him, and shackled him, and tried to cure him, but it was of no use, and now for two days he had refused all food, and was condemned to be shot."

"I thought a good deal about the poor creature, and the day before he was to be killed I asked Mrs. K—— to let me drive over and see him. On the way I stopped at the Fort William Hotel. A famous veterinary doctor, whom I once saved from the kick of a horse, was stopping there. I found him smoking on the piazza, and easily persuaded him to take his bag of instruments and medicine, without which he never travelled and go with me."

"When we got to the stable, there were a dozen idle fellows standing around and chaffing the grooms. Poor Firefly stood trembling in his stall, with every little while a big shudder going all over him. The doctor and I went near, and he turned and looked at us. I do declare, ma'am, that I never saw such a hopeless, pleading look. It made a great choke come in my throat, and I dashed off some water from my eyes, before those vagabonds could see it and make fun of me."

"Oh, come!" said one big rough loafer, "touch him up, Jake." Before we could stop him, Jake went into the next stall, and leaning over, gave Firefly a sharp tap on the side of his face.

"Instantly the horse threw up his head, and dashed it from side to side. He backed out of the stall as far as the long strap would let him, and began to kick and prance furiously, his eyes ablaze, his nostrils extended, while the brutal crowd clapped and hallooed. The doctor and I watched him carefully, my heart full of pity, when all at once it came to me—I knew! yes, I knew what ailed him! and I suddenly cried out: 'Stop hollering, you loafers; the horse is crazy with a jumping toothache!'

"A roar of contemptuous laughter greeted this discovery, but the doctor had already opened his bag and taken out a bottle of chloroform. He quickly saturated the towel, and watching his chance, threw it over poor Firefly's head."

"The creature lurched, trembled, and then began to sprawl like a drunken man, and we had hardly time to run to him before he fell heavily forward and rolled over on his side. With the help of two of the more decent men, we caught him in time to lay him gently down, and then, by the doctor's direction, I sat lightly upon his shoulder, to prevent any possible movement, while the others held his feet."

"Then the doctor, holding the cloth over the nose of the horse, forced open his mouth. Oh! oh! What a sight it was! I hope, ma'am, never to see it again! An enormous abscess filled all one side, while the rest was purple with inflammation. Two back teeth covered by the ulcer were laid bare by the forceps of the doctor. They were decayed to the very roots."

"These have made all the trouble!" he exclaimed, and in another minute he had yanked them out. He put more chloroform on the cloth, and taking a lancet from his bag, he cut deep into the abscess. Calling for an old towel, he softly pressed out all the stuff it held; then asking for a basin of warm water, poured some laudanum in it, and with a sponge he gently sponged and washed the suffering mouth and quivering, swollen gums; and then, removing the chloroformed cloth, he laid down the poor animal's head."

"Now, Jake," he said, "go quickly and prepare a soft, warm mash, and see if Mr. L—— is in the house. I should like to speak to him."

"Upon hearing this, all the tramps and loafers lounged off."

"Presently poor Firefly moved feebly and opened his eyes. I got off his shoulder. He raised his head slowly while I patted and smoothed his flank and spoke kindly to him. 'It's all over, poor old fellow,' I said; 'you won't suffer much longer.'

"I am sure he understood me, for a soft gleam came into his eyes; then he seemed to pull himself together, and with a supreme effort got upon his legs, trembling all over, while I just kept talking to him and cheering him up, the same as if he were a human being."

"By this time the groom had brought the warm mash, and Mr. L—— came with him. The doctor put a strong sleeping potion in it, and I held it and coaxed him to eat. He began to eat slowly, with a wondering look in his eyes, as if he wished to know from where this blessed relief from torture had come. His mouth was still horribly sore, but the exciting cause was gone."

"We made him up a thick bed of soft hay, and the sleeping potion soon taking effect, the poor, exhausted creature sank down and fell into a deep sleep. Then the doctor told Mr. L—— of my 'inspiration,' as he called it, and Mr. L—— begged me to take a \$20 bill, with his thanks, but I wouldn't. I told him it was enough reward to have saved such a fine horse from being shot."

"Very well," he answered, "I will get even with you in some other way; and as to the doctor," shaking hands with him, "you may be sure that your bill will be paid most cheerfully."

"And how did Firefly get on?" I asked, for I was very deeply interested.

"Oh, he picked up wonderfully! What with tonics and warm mashes and petting, he is one of the handsomest horses in this part of the country. Why!" exclaimed John, starting up in his seat, "I do believe that is Mr. L—— and Firefly coming this way now."

I looked up the road and saw a dog-cart with a groom behind, and a gentleman driving a splendid, bright bay horse, with no blinders nor check-rein, and flourishing a long, beautiful tail. The horse knew John instantly, and stopping of his own accord, tried to put his head into the front of the open carriage."

Just then Mrs. K—— came out of the carpenter's shop, and this was the tableau she saw: I was holding the reins of her horses, Mr. L—— sat motionless and smiling in his dog-cart, while John, who had vainly tried to push back Firefly, had handed me the reins and jumped out, and he and the grateful creature were hugging each other; that is, Firefly had pushed John's hat off, and was rubbing his head all over his shoulder, while John was petting the animal and calling him loving names."

Then Mr. L—— jumped out of his dog-cart, and gallantly handed Mrs. K—— into her carriage. John resumed his reins, and with cordial smiles and bows we went our different ways."

Don't let any one dare to say, after this, that horses have no reason, sense and memory, as well as affection. Firefly knew well enough what John had done for him, and he never meant to forget it."

And now, my dear readers, you can easily see the moral of my story—my true story—and I entreat you to circulate this piece of advice:

When a horse is fretful and seems determined to be ugly, don't tie him up with a strong strap to a strong hook in the stable, and whip him, but send for a veterinary surgeon and have him examined."

THE ROBIN IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

It was the night before Christmas, in England, and snow was falling. They did not mind it in happy homes, where lamps were lighted and fires burned cheerily, and tables were spread for tea. But a little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

The little bird lighted on window-sills, and tapped with its beak, but was seldom heard. Once, two little girls looked out of the window and saw him; but it was so very cold that they quickly ran to the warm fire, and birdie flew away.

After a while an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in, without being noticed. Oh, how warm and comfortable the church was! The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night, that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home. Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome this little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stairs, and tucked his head under his wing—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning, his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was indeed a royal feast in robin's eyes, enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches. No one had seen him, and what a sweet surprise! The minister raised his hand to keep silence while birdie sang, and then, opening the Bible, read in reverent tones: "Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for itself, where she may lay her young: Thine altars, O Lord of hosts!"

"This time," said the minister, "our favorite bird, our little Robin Redbreast, has found a lodging and breakfast in the church, where we come to pray for our daily bread. Snow is all around, covering the ground and bushes; he was cold and hungry, and might have perished in the storm, but the good All-Father, in his pitying love and tender care, guided the tiny wings hither."

"The little bird praises Him in its joyous song. Shall not we, with far greater reason, praise Him gladly?"

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A TALE OF A BONNET.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE PARTS.

Part 1. The Bonnet.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand;
Bows of ribbon and lace;
Wire sufficient to make them stand;
A handful of roses, a velvet band—
It lacks but one crowning grace.

Part 2. The Bird.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings,
Four wide-open mouths in a nest;
From morning 'till night she brings and brings,
For growing birds, they are hungry things—
Ay! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped;
A crimson stain on the grass;
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—
Ah! well, we will leave the rest unsaid;
Some things it were better to pass.

Part 3. The Wearer.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
She has surely a queenly air;
The bonnet had flowers and ribbon and lace;
But the bird has added the crowning grace—
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all,
In a lady so faultlessly fair?
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall,
He hears when the starving nestlings call—
Can a tender woman not care?

SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

"WHAT ALL THE WORLD IS SEEKING."

As our readers will remember, we have twice, in behalf of our *American Humane Education Society*, offered to all the University and College students of America prizes for the best essays on the importance of humane education for the prevention of crime.

Under the first offer the highest prize was won by Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, then of Knox College, Illinois, but now of Boston.

There now comes to our table a new book just written by Mr. Trine, with the above title.

It is a thoughtful book, and one of its principal objects is to prove that *every kind act we do and kind word we speak tends to make our lives greater, longer, healthier and happier, and every unkind act we do and unkind word we speak tends to make our lives smaller, shorter and more unhappy.*

This is the precise doctrine which our *American Humane Education Society* has been and is teaching through its over twenty-six thousand "Bands of Mercy."

We hope for Mr. Trine's book [published by Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, and found, we presume, at all book stores] a wide circulation and substantial aid in hastening the coming of the millennium.

THE TELEPHONE AND THE CONFESSIONAL.

Some of our Catholic readers will remember a little story how a Priest who had just connected his parsonage with the church by telephone, sent a first message to Patrick the sexton, who not quite understanding the matter replied with such a tremendous voice that the Priest could not understand a word he said, and kept saying, "Patrick, I don't hear you." After several such replies, Patrick remarked to himself, "*May the devil fly away with the old man,*" when to his horror came the message, "*Now, Patrick, I hear you perfectly.*" Whether Patrick went down on his knees is not related, but we have no doubt he wished *the devil would fly away with the telephone.*

In consideration that the Catholic clergy have not only to go night and day to the beds of the dying, but also have to take, at the confessional, the breath of the sick, not unfrequently full of the germs of disease, the question has often occurred to us whether by some use of the telephone this last danger might not be prevented.

Geo. T. Angell.

CRUELTY TO COWS.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

During the past summer my attention has been called, in several instances, to the keeping of cows stalled, day and night, without exercise, and of course without grazing. This, too, in the country, where good pasturage was to be had within a few rods of the barn.

A moment's thought ought to convince any person that it is sheer cruelty. A cow or a horse needs exercise and green food, fresh air and sunshine, or the milk of the one, and the health of both will suffer. The milk of a cow confined cannot be healthful, nor can the cow herself be healthy or happy, no matter how well she is fed or treated in other respects.

"Solitary confinement" is abnormal, and neither beast nor man can thrive under it.

The functions of maternity and lactation require a more cheerful condition of things equally in the barn to the cow, and in the house to the woman.

May every reader of *Our Dumb Animals* and every member of our "Humane Society" strive to enlighten the darkness on this subject which overspreads so many farms and homesteads.

O. W. R.

BRYAN KILLS A DOE.

We see in our morning paper of Nov. 20th, that the leader of the *free silver forces*, on last Wednesday morning shot a doe in the Missouri Park Reserves. The doe was not frightened, but stood looking at Mr. Bryan until he sent the bullet into her left side.

We are sorry—very sorry.

\$10,000 would not have been the slightest temptation to Abraham Lincoln to have committed such an act.

He would as soon have committed a murder.

We are glad to see that the Department of Mercy of the "Women's Christian Temperance Union" of Ohio, recommend that *Our Dumb Animals* should be circulated so far as possible in every home.

IMPORTANT INCIDENT.

In a letter received from the Secretary of the "Independent Order of Good Templars," Syracuse, New York, we find the following:

"A little incident happened here. An English mastiff had a cataract growing over one eye and was taken to an oculist who removed it. Some months later it was noticed that it was growing again and ought to be attended to. Some days after, the dog came home with his head bandaged, and to the astonishment of the family, who inquired of the doctor who treated him before, it was found that the dog came to his office and that the doctor finding another operation necessary, performed it without the least resistance from the dog."

THE BOSTON HORSE SHOW.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser of Nov. 13.]

Boston, it is said, is not very well represented at the New York horse show. Probably the proud owners of highly valued horses in this locality are saving their exhibits for the Boston horse show, perhaps with the idea of making the Boston affair the more notable in comparison with the New York show, which is said to be rather inferior this year. If the proprietors or managers of the Boston horse show wish to make their exhibit the most successful and popular of any held in the United States for many years, they have only to adopt a suggestion which the *Advertiser* generously offers gratis. Let no prize be awarded to a horse which is maimed in any way. The fact that it has been fashionable to mutilate horses by "docking" their tails, justifies no judge in awarding a prize to horses so mutilated. Popular sentiment generally would support a horse show where prizes were awarded only to perfectly formed animals. Why should not the experiment be tried?

It is told of an old Baptist parson, famous in Virginia, that he once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked which barn he would have his horse put in. "Have you two barns?" asked the Doctor. "Yes, sah," replied the darkey; "dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes built a new one." "Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?" "Well, sah, if dey's Methodist or Baptist, we gen'ally puts 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopal we puts 'em in de new one." "Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."



THE VENEZUELA DIFFICULTY SETTLED.

ANGORA.

From Walnut Ridge Farms, 3 State Street, Boston.

THE CAT WALKED IN.

During the recent engagement of Julia Marlowe "*As You Like It*" was billed for one evening. All went smoothly until act 5, scene 2, was reached. Touchstone, Audrey, Orlando and Rosalind (Miss Marlowe) were on the stage, and Sylvius and Phoebe were approaching in the distance. Following the lines closely Rosalind exclaimed:

"Look! Here comes a lover of mine."

Just then who should strut upon the stage but the well-known Thomas cat connected with the theatre. The performance was interrupted for a full minute, during which time the audience laughed uproariously, Miss Marlowe indulged in a pronounced but graceful snicker, while Orlando chased off the feline.—*Washington Post.*

THE EDITOR OF "DETROIT FREE PRESS."

We have just read from the *Detroit Free Press* an amusing account of a lady poet, who called upon its editor. He says she was 20 years older than she owned up to be, and had a hat better suited to a child of 12 than a woman of 45. She told him what a splendid paper his was, and how she had sent some of her verses to various poets. She said, "I sent some of them to Mr. Browning just before he died." "I sent some to James Russell Lowell, and a few days after he died;" then I sent some of them to our dear Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "three days later he died."

The editor had to listen to an hour's talk and eighteen verses, of which the following was the first:

"Hark! Hark!
'Tis the meadow lark,
Singing in the dewy dark
Tu-whit! Tu-weet!
His song I hear,
So sweet and clear,
But him I cannot see;
And yet I know,
For his song tells me so,
That he is near
For do I not hear
His tu-whit! tu-weet?"

October *Our Dumb Animals* is as usual full of pictures of animals, clever poems and incidents, which make this bright and humane little paper as popular as it is.—*Toledo (Ohio) Daily Blade.*

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 25771 Oxford, Iowa.
Black Beauty Band.
P., J. A. Whalen.
- 25772 Youngstown, Ohio.
Youngstown Band.
P., Clyde Coblenz.
- 25773 Pueblo, Colo.
Pueblo Band.
Sec., Mrs. F. M. Kline.
- 25774 Providence, R. I.
Kind Little Helpers Band.
P., Annie Carnoe.
- 25775 Waubay, S. D.
Waubay Band.
P., Mrs. S. M. Blodgett.
- 25776 Lonsdale, R. I.
Little Ones Band.
P., Miss Harriet S. Carter.
- 25777 Three Rivers, Mich.
Three Rivers Band.
P., Eleanor Perrin.
- 25778 Jennersville, Pa.
Jennersville Band.
P., Miss Ada Ramsay.
- 25779 Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh Band.
Sec., Miss Clara Lewes.
- 25780 Stillwater, Minn.
Lincoln Band No. 2.
P., Laura Nordstrom.
- 25781 Grand Rapids, Mich.
Union Helpers Band.
P., Miss J. E. Bennett.
- 25782 Granite, Idaho.
Granite Band.
P., Stella Clark.
- 25783 Festus, Mo.
Marguerite Band.
P., Mrs. Charles T. Snyder.
- 25784 Plymouth, Maine.
Plymouth Band.
P., Mrs. A. Q. Abbott.
- 25785 Elmora, Minn.
Beautiful Joe Band.
P., Mary Steadman.
- 25786 Rockland, R. I.
Friendship Band.
P., Miss M. N. Arnold.
- 25787 Youngstown, Ohio.
Mahoning Band.
P., Leroy G. Scott.
- 25788 Uica, N. Y.
Little Defenders Band.
P., Miss Edith Cross.
- 25789 Mansfield, Ohio.
Mansfield Band.
P., Lida L. Smith.
- 25790 Bowman St. Band.
P., Ervilla Laughlin.
- 25791 Mansfield Band No. 2.
P., Lena Dorman.
- 25792 Mansfield Band No. 3.
P., Anna Jesson.
- 25793 Mansfield Band No. 4.
P., Margaret Hayes.
- 25794 Mansfield Band No. 5.
P., Mary Laird.
- 25795 Bowman St. Band No. 2.
P., H. L. Creveling.
- 25796 Newman St. Band No. 1.
P., Miss Maud Goodwin.
- 25797 Newman St. Band No. 2.
P., Miss Mary Durban.
- 25798 Newman St. Band No. 3.
P., Myrtle L. Bloor.
- 25799 Newburyport, Mass.
Garrison Band.
P., Isabel C. Noyes.
- 25800 So. Foster, R. I.
Kindness to All Band.
P., Miss Katie C. Baxter.
- 25801 Central Falls, R. I.
Roger Williams Band.
P., Miss Ida I. Phillips.
- 25802 N. Y. City, N. Y.
Five Point House of Industry.
P., Miss L. G. Bradford.
- 25803 Lincoln Band.
P., Mrs. S. F. Pinckney.
- 25804 Busy Bees Band.
P., Miss M. B. Burr.
- 25805 Happy Workers Band.
P., Miss E. Trube.
- 25806 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss H. Elting.
- 25807 Cascade Locks, Oregon.
Ariel Band.
P., Harry Lyman.
- 25808 Peru, Neb.
Peru Band.
P., Mrs. Mary Scott.
- 25809 Harlan, Ind.
Harlan Band.
P., Mrs. Jenny Keener.
- 25810 Herkimer, N. Y.
McKinley Band.
P., Karl L. Burnop.
- 25811 Newberg, Oregon.
First Primary Band.
P., Miss Maggie Inglis.
- 25812 Second Primary Band.
P., Mrs. Hodson.
- 25813 First Intermediate Band.
P., Miss Ethel Cutts.
- 25814 Second Intermediate Band.
P., Mrs. Josie Bradley.
- 25815 Salem, Va.
A. B. Pugh Band.
P., Mrs. A. B. Hatcher.
- 25816 Vassar, Mich.
Vassar Band.
P., Miss Emma Meehan.
- 25817 Unionville, Mass.
Friends to the Helpers Band.
P., Mrs. Joseph Smith.
- 25818 Pajol, Ill.
Pajol Band.
P., Miss Manie Daly.
- 25819 Waucoma, Iowa.
Waucoma Band.
Sec., Miss Luie VanWormer.
- 25820 Peru, Neb.
Peru Band.
P., Clifton E. Blankenship.
- 25821 Marion Center, Pa.
Marion Center Band.
P., Miss Jean Work.
- 25822 New Orleans, La.
Daniel Hand School Band.
P., Sarah M. Estill.
- 25823 Iowa City, Iowa.
Martin Luther Band.
P., Miss Jennie Ellison.
- 25824 E. Providence, R. I.
Always Faithful Band.
P., L. M. Hill.
- 25825 E. Providence, R. I.
Kind Boys and Girls Band.
P., Ella O. Cahill.
- 25826 Riverside, R. I.
Riverside Defenders Band.
P., Wm. Robinson.
- 25827 Riverside Protection Band.
P., Gertrude Darling.
- 25828 E. Providence, R. I.
Animals' Friend Band.
P., Nora T. Sullivan.
- 25829 E. Providence, R. I.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Frances M. Kiley.
- 25830 Sutton, P. Q.
Sutton Band.
P., Mrs. Albert Dyer.
- 25831 Spencer, Iowa.
Spencer Band.
P., Fannie Blondel.
- 25832 Demersville, Montana.
Demersville Band.
P., Miss May Gregg.
- 25833 Somerville, Mass.
I'll Try Band.
P., F. J. Brown.
- 25834 Hamilton, Ohio.
High School.
Excelsior Band.
P., S. L. Rose.
- 25835 No. 1 Band.
P., W. P. Cope.
- 25836 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Dougherty.
- 25837 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Sweet.
- 25838 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Steffe.
- 25839 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Morganthaler.
- 25840 No. 6 Band.
P., Geo. J. Winkler.
- 25841 Buckeye Band.
P., Miss Thompson.
- 25842 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Law.
- 25843 J. Whitcomb Riley Band.
P., Miss Crawford.
- 25844 First Ward School.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., J. A. Kelley.
- 25845 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Hunter.
- 25846 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Goldrick.
- 25847 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Law.
- 25848 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Boaz.
- 25849 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Williamson.
- 25850 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss Garver.
- 25851 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Joyce.
- 25852 Second Ward School.
Red, White and Blue Band.
P., A. Raemer.
- 25853 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Bender.
- 25854 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Temple.
- 25855 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Hailman.
- 25856 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Brown.
- 25857 Lily Band.
P., Miss Schwab.
- 25858 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Schweinfest.
- 25859 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Caldwell.
- 25860 Columbia School.
Columbia Band.
P., Mr. Goldsmith.
- 25861 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Crawford.
- 25862 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Antrim.
- 25863 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Miliken.
- 25864 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Van Deaveer.
- 25865 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Chadwick.
- 25866 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Lieb.
- 25867 Third Ward School.
Lincoln Band.
P., Mr. Benzurg.
- 25868 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Plau.
- 25869 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Hirsch.
- 25870 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Hargitt.
- 25871 America Band.
P., Miss Dickey.
- 25872 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Richter.
- 25873 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Harris.
- 25874 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Jacobs.
- 25875 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Allen.
- 25876 Fourth Ward School.
I'll Try Band.
P., A. B. Andrews.
- 25877 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Schliep.
- 25878 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Kinsinger.
- 25879 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Boger.
- 25880 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Caldwell.
- 25881 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Richter.
- 25882 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Plau.
- 25883 Ready Workers Band.
P., Miss Frank.
- 25884 Sunshine Band.
P., Mr. Schmidt.
- 25885 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Leeds.
- 25886 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss Deneen.
- 25887 The Watch Band.
P., Miss Weiler.
- 25888 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Fulton.
- 25889 Fifth Ward School.
Lincoln Band.
P., F. W. Bell.
- 25890 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Huber.
- 25891 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Schaeffe.
- 25892 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Wallace.
- 25893 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Corey.
- 25894 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Jones.
- 25895 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Hamilton.
- 25896 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Schwartz.
- 25897 Colony School.
Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Becker.
- 25898 Mosler School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Mr. Sharkey.
- 25899 No. 2 Band.
P., Mr. Beger.
- 25900 Straub School.
Willing Workers Band.
P., F. O. Hartman.
- 25901 Royal Band.
P., Miss Spellman.
- 25902 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Miller.
- 25903 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Anshutz.
- 25904 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Allen.
- 25905 Little Workers Band.
P., Miss Deneen.
- 25906 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Haugo.
- 25907 Y. M. C. Asso.
C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., L. B. Mumma.
- 25908 St. Mary's School.
St. Joseph Band.
P., Sister Joseph.
- 25909 St. Mary's Band.
P., Sister Josepha.
- 25910 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Sister Blanche.
- 25911 Cambridge City, Ind.
Public Schools.
Longfellow Band.
P., Paul Wilkie.
- 25912 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss McClave.
- 25913 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Kniese.
- 25914 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Stobaugh.
- 25915 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Whelan.
- 25916 Excelsior Band.
P., Mr. F. O. Beck.
- 25917 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Bond.
- 25918 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Zerung.
- 25919 John G. Whittier Band.
P., Miss Schaffer.
- 25920 Milton, Ind.
Public Schools.
No. 1 Band.
P., J. H. Scholl.
- 25921 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Crawford.
- 25922 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Myers.
- 25923 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Sands.
- 25924 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Newman.
- 25925 Liberty, Ind.
Public Schools.
Longfellow Band.
P., J. W. Short.
- 25926 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Kelly.
- 25927 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Wilson.
- 25928 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Ross.
- 25929 Whittier Band.
P., Miss Bates.
- 25930 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Jones.
- 25931 Freeman Band.
P., Mr. W. L. Freeman.
- 25932 No. 1 Band.
P., Mr. P. B. Nye.
- 25933 No. 2 Band.
P., Mr. A. A. Graham.
- 25934 Oxford, Ohio.
Excelsior Band.
P., C. W. McClure.
- 25935 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Greer.
- 25936 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Golden.
- 25937 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss De Orman.
- 25938 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Cunningham.
- 25939 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Knecht.
- 25940 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Grennan.
- 25941 No. 1 Band.
P., Miss French.
- 25942 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Grennan.
- 25943 Connersville, Ind.
Excelsior Band.
P., W. F. L. Sanders.
- 25944 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Griffin.
- 25945 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Bottles.
- 25946 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Gamble.
- 25947 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Wright.
- 25948 Geo. Washington B'd No. 2.
P., Miss De Vor.
- 25949 Golden Rod Band.
P., Miss Bowman.
- 25950 Florence Nightingale Band.
P., Miss Jewiss.
- 25951 J. Whitcomb Riley Band.
P., Miss Downes.
- 25952 George T. Angell Band.
P., Mr. P. S. Clifford.
- 25953 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Prof. Houghten.
- 25954 We'll Try Band.
P., Miss Williams.
- 25955 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Jewiss.
- 25956 Red, White and Blue Band.
P., Miss Broadus.
- 25957 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Friedgen.
- 25958 Lily Band.
P., Miss Gamble.
- 25959 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Hessler.
- 25960 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Sanders.
- 25961 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Procter.
- 25962 George Washington Band.
P., John M. Carter.
- 25963 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Shy.
- 25964 Connersville, Ind.
Busy Bee Band.
P., Mary E. Cochower.
- 25965 St. Gabriel's School.
Star of the Sea Band.
P., Sister Magdelende Pazzi.
- 25966 Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister Inna Trese.
- 25967 Holy Angels Band.
P., Sister Walburga.
- 25968 Pleasant Grove, Utah.
First Presbyterian Ch. B'd.
P., Miss Florence Taylor.
- 25969 Stratford, Ont., Canada.
Honour Bright Band.
P., Miss Nellie Packert.
- 25970 Delavan, Wis.
Junior Baptist Union Band.
P., Kate I. Smith.
- 25971 Cambridge, Mass.
North Star Band.
P., Henry Lambert.
- 25972 Summit, R. I.
Sharp St. Band.
P., Miss Gracie A. Capwell.
- 25973 East Orange, N. J.
Laura Morris Band.
P., Florence McMullen.
- 25974 Traverse City, Michigan.
Central Band.
P., Edith Hurd.
- 25975 Providence, R. I.
Whittier Band.
P., Miss M. C. Wheeler.
- 25976 Little Folks Band.
P., Miss M. E. Wheeler.
- 25977 E. Providence, R. I.
Birds Friendly Band.
P., Bertha V. Card.
- 25978 E. Providence Centre, R. I.
Busy Workers Band.
P., Matilda Peterson.
- 25979 Washington Band.
P., Miss P. W. Goff.
- 25980 Little Defenders Band.
P., Miss S. B. Miller.
- 25981 Corliss Band.
P., Miss C. M. Daggett.
- 25982 Attleboro, Mass.
Ethel Band.
P., L. C. Sweet.
- 25983 Omaha, Neb.
Mason School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Leighty.
- 25984 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Harvey.
- 25985 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Knight.
- 25986 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss VanDwyn.
- 25987 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Stone.
- 25988 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Phillips.
- 25989 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Hyde.
- 25990 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Nelson.
- 25991 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Spetmann.
- 25992 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Read.
- 25993 No. 11 Band.
P., Miss M. Read.
- 25994 No. 12 Band.
P., Miss Hibbard.
- 25995 Walnut Hill School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Reid.
- 25996 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Crane.
- 25997 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Reed.
- 25998 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Underwood.
- 25999 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Tobitt.
- 26000 No. 6 Band.
P., Miss Macomber.
- 26001 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Rogers.
- 26002 No. 8 Band.
P., Miss Wallace.
- 26003 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss Lewis.
- 26004 No. 10 Band.
P., Miss Drake.
- 26005 Long School.
No. 1 Band.
P., Miss Kennedy.
- 26006 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Isaacson.
- 26007 No. 3 Band.
P., Miss Ure.
- 26008 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Smith.



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS.

THE SPARROWS.

(DIE SPURVER.)

In the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing-birds, and flowers,
The little children wait,

When at last the summer ripens,
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
The tolling people win,

Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain;

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.

And meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out,
With cheeks that bloom like roses red,
And greet them with welcoming shout.

On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer
Or the children who love them well!

How sweet that they should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!

When this pretty story was told me,
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,

I thought that our little children
Would like to know it too,



CHILDREN READING "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do.

To make God's innocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on our faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.

CELIA THAXTER, in *Independent*.

THE BIG MAN AND HIS MOTHER.

We were at a railroad junction one night, waiting a few hours for a train in the waiting-room, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a German, and they talked in German, he giving her, evidently, a lot of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and baggage check, and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The big man put his hand to the old lady's cheek and said something encouraging, and a tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from his laugh, and he said:

"Papa, it is the mother."

We knew it was, but how should a 4-year-old sleepy baby that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was his mother? We asked him how he knew, and he said:

"Oh, the big man was so kind to her."

The big man bustled out; we gave the little old mother the rocking chair, and presently the man came in with a baggage-man, and to him he spoke English. He said: "This is my mother; she is going to Iowa, and I have to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the centre, and tell the conductor she is my mother. And here is a dollar for you, and I'll do as much for your mother some time."

The baggage-man grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German mother with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too; and we almost knew that the old lady would be well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench, and went on the platform and got acquainted with the German. And he talked of horse-trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop

of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one; and at times disappointments and rough roads; but with all this hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little; and when, after a few minutes' talk about business, he said: "You must excuse me, I must go to the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like grasping his fat red hand and kissing it.

MR. HOGG'S QUIET JOKE.

Mr. Hogg seems to imagine that mankind are prepared to believe anything in respect to dogs which partakes of the mysterious, and accordingly plays off the following quiet joke upon his readers:

"It's a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's. It's proof he's aye glow'ring up in his master's e'en to discover what he's thinking on; and then, without word or wave of command, to be aff to execute the wull o' his silent thoct, whether it be to wean sheep, or to run doon deer. Hector got so like me, afore he dee'd, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used to send him to take my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he once asked me next day what I thought of the sermon; for he saw me wonderfu' attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation.

"Hector and me gied aye anither sic a look! and I was feared Mr. Paton would have observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspecting old man—a very Nathaniel without guile, and he jaloused nothing; tho' both Hector and me was like to split; and the dog after laughing in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, couldn't stand it nae longer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potato field, pretending to scent partridges."

The November number of *Our Dumb Animals* is very interesting. Perhaps no more so than all others, but there is no paper we have the privilege of distributing in this institution that seems to be more welcome.—*Our Paper*, Concord Reformatory, Nov. 14.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for October, 1896.

Fines and witness fees, \$146.40.

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Total, \$183.

The American Humane Education Society, \$225.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$154.72.

Total, \$249.72.

Publications sold, \$94.04.

Total, \$388.16.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society for October.

Miss S. J. Eddy, \$63.73; Mrs. J. N. Fiske, \$25; G. W. Baldwin, \$9; A. W. Mumford, \$8; W. Lelsenring, \$6.48; Mrs. J. M. Willcutt, \$2; Mrs. A. E. Moulton, \$1; Mrs. Annie Easton, \$1; interest, \$1.81.

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All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$39.80.



THE YACHTSMAN'S HYMN.

Hark to the rush of the water
Cut by the prow;
Feel the fresh wind on the quarter
Striking her now.
See how the canvas is filling.
Steady there! So—
Mark how the brave craft is willing:
Now! Let her go.
Off—with the speed of an arrow,
Swift as can be—
Off—through the channel way, narrow,
Straight for the sea.
Gently careering and dancing,
As if at play;
Gallantly plunging and prancing
Into the spray.
Look! there's the lighthouse there yonder,
Up on the hill.
Now we're at sea, free to wander;
Aye—where we will.
Faster she's moving and faster.
Swift—is she not?
Crowd on the canvas there, master,
Crowd all you've got.
Yonder's a merchantman, steering
Straight for the bay.
See—the shore's fast disappearing—
So is the day.
Down on his cloud-fleecy pillow,
Sinketh the sun.
Darkness creeps over the billow,
Daylight is done.
Yet, whether sleeping or waking,
Darkness or day,
Guard us in Thy holy keeping,
Father, we pray.

GEORGE L. CATLIN,
of Patterson, N. J.

NOW KISS ME.

A funny incident occurred in a neighboring city, says an exchange, a few days since, and one too good to be lost. One of our celebrated composers has written a pretty song entitled, "Kiss Me." A very pretty, blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it, with some others, stepped into a music store to make a purchase. One of the clerks, a modest young man, stepped up to wait on her. The young lady threw back her veil, saying:

"I want 'Rock me to sleep.'"

The clerk got the song and put it before her.

"Now," said the young lady, "I want 'The Wandering Refugee.'"

"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk, bowing, and in a few minutes he produced the "Refugee."

"Now, 'Kiss Me,'" said the young lady, of course meaning the song above mentioned.

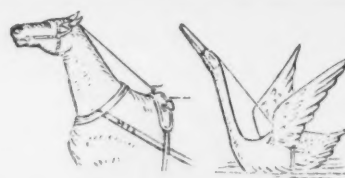
The poor clerk's eyes popped fire almost, as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment, for he was not aware that a song by that name had been published.

"Wh—what did you say, Miss?"

"Kiss Me," said she.

"I can't do it; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk.

And about that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, clerk felt sick, and dealer lost the sale of his music.



Cases investigated by our Boston Offices since last month's report.

Whole number dealt with, 433; animals taken from work, 76; horses and other animals mercifully killed, 147.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.
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